

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 3.—VOL. XI.]

MARCH, 1867.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE LAST HOURS OF THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"I NEVER attempted," says Bishop Watson, "to encourage or discourage the Duke of Grafton's profession of Unitarian principles, for I was happy to see a person of his rank professing, with intelligence and sincerity, Christian principles. If anyone thinks that an Unitarian is not a Christian, I plainly say, without being an Unitarian myself, that I think otherwise." It appears from what the Duke of Grafton says of his own religious experience that the wide-spread scepticism of his day led him to a thorough investigation of the claims of revealed religion, and resulted in his firm conviction of the divinity of Christianity and the Unitarian faith. He says, "It is apparent to me that this religion has been corrupted from very early times, and that these corruptions have been mistaken for essential parts of it, and has been the cause of rendering the whole religion incredible."

He became a regular worshipper at Essex-street Chapel during the last twenty years of his life. His early life and part of his political career as Secretary of State and Premier of England are open to much censure, and have been dealt with by the famous Letters of "Junius;" but the duke performed what a moralist calls one of the greatest acts of virtue, "stopped short in the down-hill path of perdition," and consecrated the last quarter century of his life to true religion and the public good. He published, at his own expense, an edition of Griesbach's Greek Testament, and sold it at a low price, as well as Locke's "Letter on Toleration." He was a decided opponent of the American war, and a declared friend of Reform.

In his defence of his "solemn and deliberate conclusion that the Father only is

God, and that He alone is the proper object of religious worship," he says, "I find a comfort and relief which the whole world could not have offered to me. I am now enjoying so much more solid comfort by trusting to the mercy of God, through the gospel of His Son, I would not exchange for any condition of youth, wealth, or worldly joys."

He had such a regard for social worship as never to neglect the public exercise of it when his health permitted him. He was a constant observer of family prayer, and on every Sunday evening, whatever company was in the house, they were expected to attend to his reading some sermon. He suffered much from the rheumatism for the last two years of his life, but no pain, however great, could make him utter an impatient complaint, or a murmur against the dispensations of Providence. It served a better purpose by preparing his mind as a warning to him of the final event which he saw approaching. His bodily powers declined gradually, but his strength of mind remained in full vigour, his intellect and memory were unimpaired to the last. He was composed and collected, always sensible of his failings and acknowledging them, expressing his own unworthiness of the least of God's favours, but never relinquishing the hope of immortality which God had given him through Jesus Christ. This hope he humbly and earnestly embraced, and held fast to the end. He joined frequently in prayer with some one of the family, and as often begged their united prayers to God for him. He took a most affectionate leave of the duchess and of his children, and of those who were in the house, and a few days after, when nature was quite spent, he expired without a groan, dying in peace with the world, his family, and with God.

THE SPECTRE OF EDEN HOLME HALL.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY THE REV. JAMES KNAPTON.

THE vale of Eden Holme is a very pretty place. In the summer season especially, when robed in its best garments, it is positively charming. Touched by the stern hand of winter, however, it presents a widely different aspect; and there are probably few who would then care to make any lengthened sojourn among its somewhat primitive, but truly kind and hospitable inhabitants.

Towards the close of the year 18—I received a very pressing invitation from the junior Wesleyan minister of the district, to supply his place for a few weeks in the adjacent town of Atherleigh.

Atherleigh was not then, as now, easily accessible by rail. The route, in fact, was a somewhat difficult if not dangerous one; heavy and continuous falls of snow were that day accompanied by high and drifting winds. I found myself at length safely deposited amongst the kind friends anxiously waiting to receive me, and by whom I was greeted with every feeling of fraternal tenderness and affection.

My host was a man of remarkable presence. Tall in stature, portly in person, overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He was venerable too in years; and had, during the course of a long and unblemished life, sustained the numerous lay offices for which men of his stamp are more than ordinarily fitted, especially in a Circuit like that of Atherleigh. His name was Howard MacAlpine; and at the period to which I refer he was a widower. The other members of his household were Miss Jemima Baillie, his niece; and Mrs. Wearde, his housekeeper.

He had a firm faith in what he was pleased to call "*supernatural sounds, dreams, and apparitions*?" And as the road to Bleabury Banks, along which I should be called to travel the next evening in pursuit of my calling, was reputed to be haunted, he found it no easy matter to apprise me of the circumstance so as to engender the least possible pain.

As I neither believed in haunted roads nor haunted houses, this well-meant hesitancy on the part of Mr. MacAlpine was in no small degree amusing. And I am

free to confess that the usual number of well-authenticated anecdotes forthcoming to bear upon the disputed theory, in the hands of so able a manipulator as Mr. MacAlpine, lost nothing in their transit. "Oh!" said the old gentleman, in reply to one of my oft-repeated objections—at the same time placing his right hand gently upon my knee, and raising his sightless eyes to heaven, for he was then *quite blind*—"Oh! do not say so. Why I have seen my own poor dear wife many a time since her decease in that very room where you are now going to sleep."

However, I passed the night in perfect safety. And perhaps this was one reason why I found myself pursuing, with *undaunted courage*, the next evening, the haunted road leading by Bleabury Banks to the little but picturesque village of Carlingford East.

"You must be extremely cold," said Miss Baillie, on my return. "Dear me, how pale you look. Surely it cannot be that the dark Lady of Bleabury Banks has crossed your path?"

"The *dark Lady* of Bleabury Banks?" rejoined I, interrogatively, "is it really possible now, Miss Baillie, that a lady of your uniformly good, practical common sense can be so excessively absurd?"

"Absurd, indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Wearde, warmly taking up the cudgels in defence of her young mistress, "let me tell you, Sir, Miss Jemima is *never* absurd!"

"Why, no," replied I, somewhat apologetically, "in matters pertaining to the ordinary affairs of life, I do not suppose that Miss Baillie ever is. But do you not see, Mrs. Wearde, that there are certain subjects quite beyond our province, and that when we begin to speculate and authoritatively to pronounce upon these, we are *all* more or less liable to the imputation, and that, therefore, the absurdity may be even greater on *my part* than that of Miss Baillie." Mr. MacAlpine sat in his chair greedily drinking in the concession, "then you are really of opinion, after all, that the error, if any, may not be entirely on our side?"

"Certainly," replied I, with equal suavity, "why not? You cannot suppose that, because supernatural beings have never yet come within the range of my own personal observation, I should ever dream of adducing that circumstance to

confirm the validity of an argument obviously favourable to the doctrine of their non-existence."

"I should think not, indeed," added he; "you would be a goose if you did. But as supper is now ready we will turn, if you please, for a while, from things spiritual to things temporal."

After supper Mr. M. said, "If I understand you correctly," modulating his voice so as to make it accord more perfectly with the dignity of the occasion, and at the same time, emitting from his mouth short fantastic wreaths of smoke previously inhaled from a long clay instrument which he was accustomed to call his pipe, "if I understand you correctly, you say that, though you met with nothing on the road this evening, you are yet of opinion that something might have been seen. Is it so?"

"Why, no, not easily," responded I, "for I am not aware that I *did* say that I had met with nothing on the road. The fact is, Mr. MacAlpine, that I *have* met with something, and something with which, under all circumstances, I would much rather *not have met!*"

"You have!" exclaimed Mrs. Wearde, well-nigh involuntarily and with a slight touch of the hysterical, "The dark Lady of Bleabury Banks, after all. The Lord preserve us!"

"Yes, Mrs. Wearde," continued I, "I was not *quite alone* in the darkness this evening. I saw a bright light, the rays of which were frequently intercepted by a number of strange forms. And I heard loud incoherent voices, some of which I am quite certain were not human, but whether the dark Lady of Bleabury Banks graced the fraternity I cannot possibly determine. Were I to form a decided opinion on the subject, I should say certainly not."

Mrs. Wearde drew her chair a little closer to that of Miss Baillie, "Why, my dear Mrs. Wearde, one would really imagine that the sable personage to whom you refer was about to honour *us* with her presence, unless indeed her dwelling place be in the realms of fiction. Are you quite sure now that the doors and windows have been properly secured?"

"Realms of fiction!" was the rejoinder, accompanied by a look of the most pro-

found incredulity, "more likely *the realms of the lost!*"

"I said," feeling somewhat desirous of terminating the matter, "that I saw a bright light partially intercepted by strange forms, and that I heard loud and incoherent voices, some of which appeared to be any thing but human. The fact is, Mrs. Wearde, I passed a Gipsy's tent."

In most Methodist families, at that period, morning and evening devotion in the family circle was not only deemed an important but imperative duty. The Bible was, therefore, brought forth in due form, and that touching and sublime chapter in St. John which speaks of the many mansions prepared for the truly faithful in the after-life, having been read with deep pathos by Miss Baillie, and carefully enlarged upon by Mr. MacAlpine, he committed us all in prayer, with true patriarchal earnestness and tenderness, to the keeping of our heavenly father; whose love he averred was "from everlasting to everlasting," and in whose hands we were continually safe, though the "united armies of earth and hell might combine to slay us."

After a refreshing night's sleep, I found myself next morning fully prepared for my journey to Blackwood. On the occasion I was to have a female companion, known through the length and breadth of the Circuit as "Old Nancy." Nancy had done good service in her day; but on this day in particular she was destined to perform a feat in comparison with which all her former achievements were as nothing, and which should cement the bonds of friendship about to be formed between us for ever.

Midway between Atherleigh and Blackwood there is a very lonely place known as "The Hollow," and some forty years before a foul murder had been committed there.

Mr. MacAlpine did not forget to tell me that I should have to *pass* Blackwood Hollow, nor did he forget to remind me of its dismal associations.

During the day there had been a partial thaw, accompanied by slight and continuous showers of rain, and, as the evening advanced, it brought along with it every indication of a furious and prolonged storm. The darkness was intense; the rain came down in torrents; the wind was something

fearful; and, but for a foolish pride prompting me to suppose that by remaining all night my motives would have been misconstrued by Mr. MacAlpine, Nancy and I would never have sallied forth. Tam o' Shanter-like, however, we prepared to brave the elements, and in due time sped triumphantly past the hollow; but were only eventually delivered from a fearful death by the innate sagacity of Nancy herself, prompting her to halt within a few feet of an immense quarry on Atherleigh Moor, to the vicinage of which, through the blinding nature of the storm, I had unhappily impelled her. No amount of persuasion on my part could induce her to move an inch backwards or forwards; and in this position we were found by the merest accident—an animal having strayed on the common, the owner of which, with suitable assistance, being just then in search of the wanderer, and through whose kindness we were eventually placed in our proper path. On arriving at Atherleigh I found Mr. MacAlpine and the ladies in the greatest distress, owing to my prolonged absence. Right glad, however, were they to have me with them once more. And finding that I had encountered no spirit, save the spirit of the storm, they wisely agreed that "second sight" must be a special gift, and that, fortunately for myself, I could not boast the inheritance.

For the first two weeks of my sojourn in Atherleigh my duties were confined to what was known as "the Atherleigh end of the Circuit." The second fortnight was to be devoted to the "Circuit Round." That is, I was to bid a temporary adieu to my Atherleigh friends, and, with Nancy for a companion, proceed from village to village till well-nigh all the preaching places in the Circuit were exhausted.

Nancy and I had arrived as far as the pretty village of Eden Holme, when I was given to understand that our destination for the night was to be a dilapidated farm house, about a mile distant from the chapel, known as Eden Holme Hall.

My sleeping apartment was at the extreme end of a long passage, which appeared to intersect the chief division of the entire building.

I distinctly remember that my slumbers were not of a very refreshing character, and that early in the morning I awoke full of feverish excitement, rendering further

sleep absolutely impossible. The room was in total darkness, and the building, inside and out, apparently silent as the grave. As I lay perfectly still, pondering over all the strange incidents communicated by my friends at Atherleigh, and submitting to a more perfect analysis the various reports pertaining to the half-ruined mansion to which circumstances had so unexpectedly led me, I was startled by a slight noise, which appeared to have its origin at the extreme end of the passage indicated. The movement at first was so very slight that, under ordinary circumstances, it would hardly have required a passing thought. But the circumstances were extraordinary; and, almost immediately, the sound was repeated, now assuming the shape of slow and stealthy footsteps, accompanied by the rustling of garments, evidently in quest of the room in which I slept. Presently the latch of my door was gently upraised, and there stood at my bed head a form so singular that adequate description would be impossible. Seen through the extreme darkness of the hour it might have been taken for a denizen of this or any other world. It could not be the dark Lady of Bleabury Banks, for it evidently had a head, and, judging from the fixity of purpose with which that head was endeavouring to ascertain my whereabouts, there must have been one or more eyes bent upon a similar purpose. And such is human nature that, despite all my former asseverations of indifference, I found myself instinctively shrinking away from its presence. I was afraid.

Probably, divining the feeling, and wishing to assure me of the perfectly harmless character of its mission, the spectre advanced a step nearer, and, bending gently over me, said, "Jenny, dear—Jenny!"

To my excited imagination the sound seemed to resemble more the hissing of a snake than the voice of a human being, and I was speechless.

"Jenny," continued the presence, with the slightest accession of tone, at the same time shaking itself as if it were some huge animal, "Jenny, dear—Jenny!"

For a few moments I was breathless with terror. The feeling, however, appeared as suddenly to pass away; and, finding myself equal to the task of com-

municating to my strange visitor the fact that Jenny was not there, the announcement was, of course, at once and intelligibly made. But the spectre moved not.

Surely, thought I, if you are not a deaf and dumb spirit you must largely inherit the former of these attributes, and, as it appears necessary to communicate the information upon a much higher key, you shall now have it to perfection. In the act of raising myself for the purpose of giving practical effect to this laudable determination, I found a hand so suddenly placed upon my mouth, and my head so unexpectedly jerked into its former recumbent position, that I felt as if I were about to be annihilated.

I suddenly *sprang* up, and, seizing and throwing the hand from me with all the energy of which I was capable, the spectre turned round, and, retracing the route of its former pilgrimage, became almost immediately *non est*.

"Did you ever see the dark Lady of Bleabury Banks?" inquired I, a few hours later, of my entertainer while seated near the kitchen fire after the morning's meal.

"The dark Lady of Bleabury Banks," replied Mrs. Demple, with a merry twinkle of the eye, and evidently regarding the question as a small joke, "No. Did *you*?"

"That's just the very thing I am anxious to ascertain," answered I, "and perhaps you can assist me in the difficulty, Mrs. Demple. She is, I believe, headless?"

"So they say," was the simple rejoinder, "and so says our Demple, but as I have never seen her, I cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of the statement. But why do you ask?"

"Simply because," added I, pleasantly, "if I have not had that honour within the last few hours, I have certainly had the honour of *seeing* something; aye, and for that matter, *feeling* it too; and, if you have no objections, I should like you to aid me in unravelling the mystery."

"My name," said Mrs. Demple, "is Jenny, and when the preacher is not here, we always sleep in that bed to which you were sent last night. It is the best bed in the house, and it is our practice always to give it up to strangers. Three or four hours ago it was of course early morning, and, as farmers like to be astir soon, the servants were all abroad, and the house open to all comers. In our neighbourhood

we have a little old woman reputed to be immensely rich. She has the reputation also of being a miser, her clothing being generally little better than a bundle of rags. Be this as it may, we have always been on the most friendly terms, and the little lady more than once has taken the liberty of coming into my room at a very early period in the morning, prior to her journeys to the pits for coals—a very favourite employment.

"Taken the liberty of going into your room!" interrupted I, "so early in the morning. Pray, Mrs. Demple, for what earthly purpose?"

"First for one thing and then another," was the laconic reply; and this morning she came as usual for—what would you suppose now?"

Not knowing what to suppose, and intimating to Mrs. Demple that any conjecture I might hazard would be more likely than otherwise to savour of the ridiculous, she simply added, "Change for a sovereign."

On my return to Atherleigh, the circumstance was, of course, in all its details, related to Mr. MacAlpine and the two ladies. The ladies appeared to be amused, but Mr. MacAlpine seemed to regard the affair in a graver light. He shook his head ominously, and so confident was he that the complexion put on the case by Mrs. Demple was fictitious, that I was not only once or twice or thrice but scores of times urged to place no confidence in her statement. "If you do," remarked he frequently with great warmth, "you will yield to a temptation of Satan. For you may rely upon it *it was a ghost*."

IN Sharpe's "Notes on the New Testament," "Vengeance is mine" is properly rendered, "Punishment is mine." The old translators seem to have delighted in strong terms, which the original does not justify. These frightful words, in Luke xx. 47, "Greater damnation," and in many other texts, are "greater judgment or condemnation;" a very important modification. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God," is rendered, "the animal man." This ought to save men from inveighing against human nature. The natural man is right enough.

AFRAID IN THE DARK.

ALL day a little boy had gone singing and dancing through the house as light-hearted and happy as a bird, but when night came, like many other children, he was afraid in the dark.

"Willy," said his mother, who sat sewing by the gas lamp, "go over to my room and get the needle book that lies on my bureau."

But Willy did not stir.

"Go, my son."

And his mother spoke in a firm but kind voice.

"I'm afraid," said Willy.

"Afraid of what?"

"It's dark over there."

"What is the dark?" asked Willy's mother. "Nothing but a shadow. See!" and she put her hand between the gas-lamp and a small work basket on the table. "Now it is dark in the basket, and now," removing her hand, "it is light. Look at this ball. We will call it the earth. On the side towards the lamp it is bright; but as I turn the ball, the bright or daylight side, goes away from the lamp. It is in shadow now, or in its night time. Just as I turn this ball, the earth on which we live keeps turning all the while. Now as we are on the side away from the sun, or in the great shadow which the earth makes, in the same way that this ball makes a shadow when I hold it up before the gas lamp, and we say it is night. In the morning we will turn to the sun again and then it will be day. So you see that the dark is only a shadow, and I don't see anything in a shadow to make one afraid. Do you? If anybody were to say that my Willy was afraid of a shadow, I hardly think he would feel complimented."

"Is that all, mother? Is the dark nothing but a shadow?" said Willy, a look of more confidence coming into his face.

"A simple shadow, and as harmless as this shadow which my hand throws on the work basket. So run over and get my needle book."

Willy started at the word, and soon returned with the needle book.

"You held your breath just a little," mother said, as she kissed her boy.

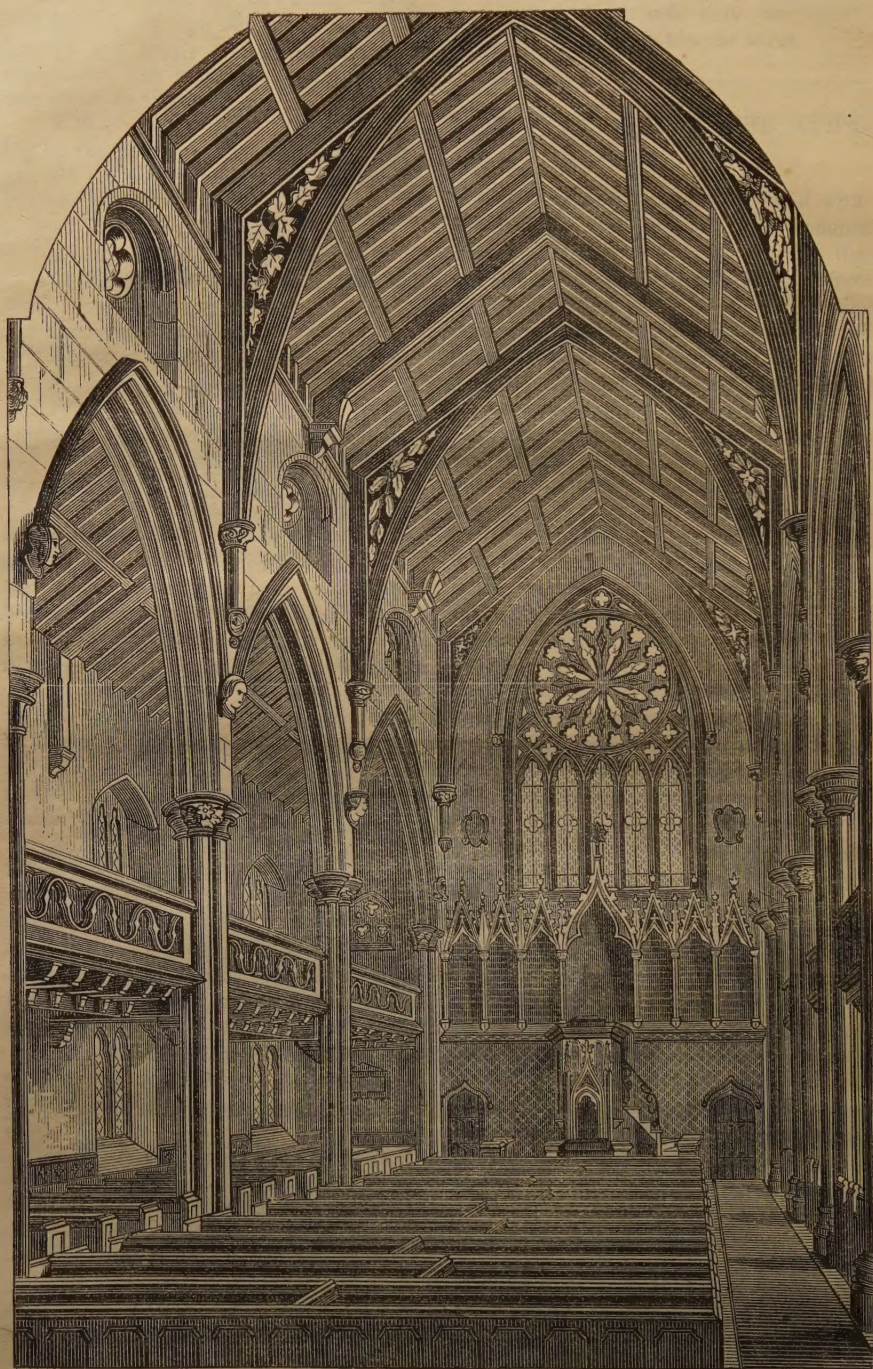
"Only a little," he confessed; "but I don't care for the dark, its only a shadow."

After that Willy went about in the dark as fearless as in the day time, for he knew that night was only the earth's shadow and could do him no harm.

A JEW'S OPINION OF THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

"We cannot think of this creed without a blush for Christendom's common sense and charity. It is sad enough that millions of people who profess to believe in the revelation of Sinai, should, despite the second commandment, set up two other gods beside the Only One, and then try to deceive their intellects and quiet their consciences by declaring this doctrine to be a mystery, which as it avowedly does not convey any meaning to any living soul, can, of course, not by any one be considered as a ground of explanation. But it is still more lamentable to see this doctrine set forth in the most material and grossly contradictory language, and yet at the same time to be anathematised because, forsooth, intellect and feeling both revolt at such a statement. It is, therefore, pleasing to see that an influential paper has at last the courage to become the mouth-piece of this protest of the head and heart, vindicating reason and charity alike, as will be seen from the following:—A very able article appeared in a late number of the *Spectator* against the Athanasian Creed. The writer holds the creed to be a bad theology, bad morals, and bad sense. It is not a creed at all in the high sense of the word, such as is applicable to the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed, but it is a string of precise dogmas. The creed is self-contradictory, and seems to have been framed with the intention of laying stumbling blocks in the way of both the intellect and the old faith. To say first there are three Gods, and then to say there are not, is the most offensive way of putting a truth which it is possible to conceive. Then, too, as to the damnable clauses; these, as it has been argued, form no essential part of the creed, and so nervously anxious were its framers not to be understood on this matter, that they have no fewer than four times made eternal life dependent on the right reception of the various propositions which this document contains."—*Israelite*.





CONIGRE CHAPEL, TROWBRIDGE.

CONIGRE CHAPEL, TROWBRIDGE.

THIS beautiful edifice was erected in 1856-7, on the site of the old chapel which had stood upwards of two hundred years, and which, from its dilapidated and unsafe condition, required to be taken down. The present building is in the decorated style of Gothic architecture, and consists of nave and side aisles, 52ft. long by 40ft. wide with gallery on each side, and organ-loft and orchestra across the nave over the principal entrance. The pulpit is of carved stone, the base of which is formed into a chair for the desk, placed in the centre of a dais ascended by two steps. At the back and surmounting the pulpit is a reredos, consisting of seven arches, stretching across the nave, the centre arch of which forms a canopy, and the whole being filled in with passages of scripture. Above the reredos is a large tracery window of bold proportions, rising almost to the height of the nave, which is 50ft., filled in with coloured glass of suitable design, thus preventing the glare of light which would otherwise incommode the worshippers in the body of the chapel. The roof of the building is of stained deal supported on arched oak principals, running down the nave wall, and terminated with stone corbels, the benches are also of stained deal, 3ft. high, the doors being lower, and not exceeding 2ft. in height. The organ is divided, one half being placed on each side of the orchestra, so as not to interfere with the light from the large front window, and is encased in a style appropriate to the building.

The exterior of the church is of bold and massive proportions, the nave which projects beyond the side aisles is supported by buttresses at the angles, and ending in turrets of 50ft. high. The entrance doorway, situated in the centre, is composed of a series of arched mouldings, deeply recessed, and surmounted by a crocketed gable, ending in a large finial, the tympanum being filled in with tracery surrounding an inscription from Psalm C., "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise." This doorway leads into a vestibule, divided from the body of the church by a stone screen. There are also doors on each side of the principal entrance leading into lobbies, with stone stairs to the galleries, and over the front entrance is a large and

highly-ornamented tracery window of good design and proportions. Adjoining the church are recently-erected commodious schools, the style of which is also decorated and in good keeping with the rest of the building.

The religious society worshipping in this beautiful edifice is one of the oldest in the kingdom, dating its rise from the year 1660. The present congregation consists almost entirely of the poorer and working classes, gathered together under the pastorate of the Rev. S. Martin, whose ministry in Trowbridge extends over a period of more than forty years. It is to be regretted that insufficient funds prevented the church being erected on a larger scale, as it is often inconveniently crowded, and strangers are kept away for want of room.

BLESSING THE POOR.

"Hearken my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?"
—James ii. 5.

Oh! bless the poor and lowly
Who weep beside thy gate,
Give comfort to the widowed heart
When she, disconsolate,

Regards her helpless children
In agony and love,
When all her earthly hopes are fled,
Teach her to look above.

Give of thy lordly substance
Full measure running o'er,
A hundredfold will be in Heaven
Returned for all thy store.

Be thou an earthly saviour
To the wounded and distress'd,
And bear for thy dear brother's sake
The woes that rend his breast.

Teach thou the weak and erring,
Calmly to look within,
And pray that then repentant tears
May cancel every sin.

Go to the gloomy prison,
Speak to the captives there,
And tell the deepest dyed in crime
His heart must ne'er despair.

Speak of the blessed Jesus
Who sanctified to save,
"The resurrection and the life"
Shall rescue from the grave.

Oh! bless the poor and lowly,
Wherever they may be,
A life of love and peace below,
Shall open heaven to thee.

RACHEL EVANS.

PRAYER TO CHRIST.

COLENSO AND HIS OPPONENTS.

EVERY Unitarian has cause to rejoice that at last the subject of Christian worship, and the question to whom ought our prayers and supreme praises to be addressed, are now topics of discussion not only in our religious papers but the general press of our country. Bishop Colenso has been assailed in the *Times* paper for denying the scriptural authority of prayer to Christ, and in the *Times* he has been allowed to defend himself. In a letter to his opponents he challenged them "to produce one single instance in which we are instructed, enjoined, exhorted, or counselled by our Lord, or by any of his Apostles to pray to the Son or to the Spirit as we are taught in the passages (to which he has referred in his former letters) to pray to the Father." And what has followed from this simple and explicit challenge? Dr. Heurtley, the Oxford Margaret Professor of Divinity, has replied in the following remarkable words:—"Now I FRANKLY CONCEDE TO HIM THAT I HAVE NO SUCH INSTANCE TO PRODUCE;" and then he further adds, "But I submit that if those whom the Apostles themselves instructed offered up prayer to Christ, then the practice in question is as surely based on scriptural apostolical authority as if our Lord or his Apostles had enjoined, exhorted, or counselled in express words." In the first place, what a remarkable concession that neither the Master nor his Apostles ever instructed, so far as we know or any instance can be produced, that prayer should be offered to Christ; and then what an extraordinary deduction follows, that if those whom the Apostles instructed offered up prayer to Christ, it rests on apostolic and scriptural authority. We ask, has the precise and clear instruction of the Saviour that the Father is to be worshipped and prayed to, and that we have to ask him (Christ) nothing, and that the true worshippers shall worship the Father, to be departed from, even when it is admitted "there is no instance of Christ or his Apostles instructing us otherwise to pray," because we may find some one whom the Apostles instructed departing from this rule?—and hence what the disciples and descendants of the

Apostles did must become precedent and authority to the Christian Church on so grave a matter as "the object of prayer and worship." When we have the example and teaching of Christ on this all-important branch of religion, surely this would not be following Christ at all, but setting up a new authority, and preferring the servant to the Master, the scholar to the Teacher—as we fear the history of the Church too abundantly proves has been done. At the present time the prayer and praise offered to the Virgin Mary and to the Trinity, unauthorised by Christ and his Apostles, have the authority of the descendants of the Apostles we cannot doubt. Into what inextricable confusion of doctrine and worship do we instantly descend when we leave the teaching of the Master and set up other standards? Is it not sufficient for us to know that Christ himself worshipped the Lord his God, and served Him only? Is it not plainly told us that when the disciples inquired of Christ, "Lord, teach us how to pray?" he said to them "When ye pray, say OUR FATHER?"—and all Christ's prayers are addressed to the Father—and that he declared "THE TRUE WORSHIPPER shall worship the Father?" We are bound to express our surprise that the Church has left the fountain of living water and hewn out to itself a cistern—a broken cistern, that holds no water. We do not deny that when Stephen "saw Christ" he said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit?"—and when Paul had visions of Christ he petitioned the Saviour for certain help. Would any one of us think of doing otherwise? That Paul thanked Christ for calling him to the ministry, and wished his blessing on the Churches, in his epistles, appear to us as natural as anything can be. That we should find pious ejaculations to Christ, and devout aspirations approaching to prayer, create in us no surprise. That honour and obeisance, and ascriptions of praise to Christ, are found in the New Testament, and in the same breath or sentence in which God the Father is honoured and praised, have a parallel in the Old Testament, 1 Chron. xxix, 20:—David said to all the congregation, "Now bless Jehovah, your God; and all the congregation blessed Jehovah, God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipped Jehovah and the king." Any

person who would adduce this as a proof of supreme worship being paid to men as well as to God by the Jewish people, would be considered as insane. In another article we shall place before our readers all the passages in the New Testament adduced to sustain prayer and worship to Jesus Christ. We conclude for the present by saying that we have before us one hundred instances of scriptural authority for worshipping the Father only, while, at the same time, the challenge of Bishop Colenso to all his opponents to produce "one single instance in which we are instructed to pray to the Son," is met by the remarkable statement of a professor of divinity, "I frankly concede to him I have no such instance to produce."

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

If my nature is essentially that of a fiend, I am neither responsible for the nature nor for the development of a life that shall be co-incident with the development of the life of an angel. If God has made me with a totally depraved nature, and made it obligatory on me to be unnatural in every act of my life in order to please Him and be happy myself, I may well sit down in despair over a problem utterly unreasonable and utterly insoluble, and despair of my situation and prospects. Did I believe in this doctrine, I too would be sad: I would go mourning all my days. Then everything which pleases my nature, everything which draws out my natural affections, appeals to my natural tastes, answers to my natural appetites, and appears to my natural conscience to be right, and to my natural judgment to be good, would come to me as temptations of the devil. I, too, should be a misanthrope. To me the earth would seem a sad, bad place, without joy and without hope. I should stand still and freeze with terror, like a man in the dark, with the gleaming eyes and hot breath of hungry beasts on every side. Duty would indeed be "a cross," and the light laugh that springs from the natural joyousness of my innocent child, would send a shiver through me like the shriek of a mad man. If human nature's maligners say that they do not mean all this by their phrase, then I say drop it and consign it to oblivion.—*Holland.*

A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which she did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind, which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart-smitten, not heart-broken (the broken heart always believes), I stood at her grave, while the clergyman touched too little on her virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that she would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief; deep grief makes us selfish, and the naturally timid and nervous lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them, when the benefits of others are alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; we suffer a mental argument upon the probability of an event which we so much desire, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with and at length yielded, to this despondency alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying-ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave, and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the admonition, and be prepared; and turning to the child, he added: "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season shall

spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from the grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly habitation of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring I was in the neighbourhood of the same burying-ground, and, seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself, when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre: little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and, indeed, I did not win his confidence until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come up out of this grave?" said little William.—"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked he, in a tone of confidence.

"Most firmly I believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child, "believe it, I thought you knew it. I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterwards and planted a flower seed on the grave. The grass came green in the burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too; see them breaking through the ground; by and by mammy will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But, my little child," said I, "it is not here that your poor mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis, "here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked round and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch keeper! what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will rise." And I attempted to explain to him the nature of the promise, which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me, if she is not to come up here, what shall I do? I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture, "you shall go to her, but she shall not come to you."

"Let me go, then," said William, "let me go now that I may rise with mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there would not have come up if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait then; but I thought I should see her soon, I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month William ceased to wait, and they opened his mother's grave and placed his little coffin on hers; it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and, young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labours and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are profitless and vain.

ECONOMY IS CREDIT.—Two young men commenced the sail-making business. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to indorse for them. Each caught a roll and was carrying it off, when Girard remarked:—Had you not better get a dray?" "No, it's not far, and we can carry it ourselves." "Tell your friend he needn't indorse your note. I'll take it without."

WILLIAM PENN'S BELIEF.

MR. KENTISH BACHE, of Carmathen College, has very kindly and properly called upon us to reconsider our opinion of Penn's Unitarianism. He says, "It is commonly believed amongst Anti-Trinitarians that he was a Unitarian. They derive this opinion from 'The Sandy Foundation Shaken' published in 1668, for writing which he was imprisoned in the Tower of London. This work caused his views to be much misunderstood; therefore, says the editor of Penn's works, 'in order to clear himself from the aspersions cast upon him, in relation to the doctrines of the Trinity, the incarnation and satisfaction of Christ, he published a little book called 'Innocency with her Open Face,' by way of apology for the aforesaid 'Sandy Foundation Shaken.' In this apology he so successfully vindicated himself that, soon after the publication of it, he was discharged from his imprisonment, which had been of about seven months' continuance.' The following sentences are taken from it:—

'My denying the divinity of Christ, and divesting him of his eternal Godhead, hath been maliciously insinuated amongst the people; wherefore let me beseech you to be impartial and considerate in the perusal of my vindication.'

'I conclude Christ the Saviour to be God; for otherwise God would not be himself. * * It reasonably follows that Christ * * is not distinct from God, but entirely that very same God.'

'I conclude Christ to be God; for if none can save, or be styled properly a Saviour but God, and yet that Christ is said to save, and properly called a Saviour, it must needs follow that Christ the Saviour is God.'

Mr. Bache says "that he ever erred, however, or ever had occasion to recant, the Friends most stoutly deny, and consider it an injustice that the Unitarians persist in quoting those 'misunderstood impressions' in the 'Sandy Foundation Shaken,' ignoring his explanation of them in the 'Innocency, &c.'"

[We still think Penn's pamphlet decidedly Unitarian, and wonder how two opinions can be held on this matter." The Rev. John Scott Porter, in the preface to "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," circulated now as a Unitarian tract, says, in

reference to the "Apology,"—"His doctrines, as here explained, seem to approach more closely to the Sabellian form of the Unitarian doctrine than to Socinianism, with which he had been charged. Of Socinus, however, he speaks with high respect. He commends his 'parts, wisdom, gravity, and just behaviour;' and says that, 'in many things' he had 'a clearer prospect' of religious truth 'than most of his contemporaries.'

There does not appear the slightest reason to doubt that Penn retained, through life, the repugnance to the doctrines of a *Trinity of Distinct and Separate Persons in the Godhead, Satisfaction for Sin, and Imputative Righteousness*, which he has so strongly expressed in 'The Sandy Foundation Shaken.'

Soon after the publication of his "Apology," Penn, who had lain in prison for the greatest part of a year, was, for the time, set at liberty. He has himself correctly stated the true ground of his release, which was owing entirely to the friendly interposition of the king's brother, the Duke of York, then Lord High Admiral, afterwards King James II.]"

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

BY ALICE CARY.

THE spider wears a plain brown dress,

And she is a steady spinner;

To see her, quiet as a mouse
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess

The way she gets her dinner!

She looks as if no thought of ill

In all her life had stirred her,

But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still

The way to do some murder!

My child, who reads this simple lay

With eyes down dropt and tender,

Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendour.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress

That makes the saint or sinner,

To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess

The way she gets her dinner!

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"COME, Eddy," said Mrs. Lawson to her boy, who sat on the floor pouting in a very unhandsome way. His lips were pushed out, the corners of his mouth drawn down, and his pretty forehead disfigured by ugly frowning lines.

"Come, dear!" Mrs. Lawson spoke to him again, but he neither moved nor answered, which was very undutiful of Eddy, as every little boy or girl who reads this will say.

"Open the windows, darling, and let in the sunlight." Eddy's mother spoke in a gentle, yet earnest voice. He did not understand just what she meant, for he looked at the windows and then back again to his mother, a puzzled expression coming into his face.

"My little boy has shut the windows of his soul, and is sitting in darkness."

"What windows, mother? It isn't dark." Eddy seemed still more puzzled. The ugly lines began to fade away from his white forehead, his lips no longer pouted. Getting up from the floor, he came and stood by his mother, with his clear blue eyes looking steadily into hers.

"Ah, the sunshine is coming back!" said Mrs. Lawson, in a cheery way, smiles breaking over her face. "My boy is opening the windows that were shut so tightly a little while ago."

"Won't you tell me about it, mother? I don't know. What windows?" Eddy was a little boy, and did not understand just what his mother meant, as you may know by his questions. So taking him by the hand, she led him into the garden to a place where the sunshine never came. The ground was damp and slimy. Moss covered the stones and rotting wood, and was creeping over the bare ground on which the grass would not take root. A few sickly plants had sprung up in this shady corner, their pale leaves and weak crooked branches giving them a pitiable aspect.

"What is this?" asked Eddy's mother, stooping over a poor little plant that was striving feebly to shoot up a flower stem.

"It looks like phlox," the child answered.

"Yes, this is phlox. But why is it so small and mean-looking, while the phlox

standing out in the garden is three times as large and full of blossoms?"

"There isn't any sun here," said Eddy, who, though a very small boy, had learned that all plants needed the sunshine.

"Just the reason, darling. Nothing can grow in health and beauty without sunshine. No, not even little boys. And that is why I told you just now to open the windows and let in the light. You were sitting on the floor, in the darkness of ill-temper; and for lack of sunshine your face had become as different from the true face of my Eddy as this weak and deformed plant is from the beautiful phlox in the garden. But you are in the sunshine again. The darkness of a sullen temper is gone, you feel bright and happy. And now, my dear boy, you must be very careful not to shut the windows of your soul, as you did just now. You felt very unhappy because the light was gone. Shall I tell you about this light that shines into the soul? Well, it is not from the sun that you see up in the sky."

"I know that," said Eddy. "It's another kind of light." And his eyes danced with intelligence.

"The light from a loving heart. Is that it?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"Tell me. You know," answered the child.

"Yes, dear, it is the light from a loving heart, and that makes us cheerful and happy. In this sunshine all the good affections of our souls, like plants in a garden, put forth their green leaves and bright flowers. You shut out the sunlight a little while ago by the hand of ill-temper and were in darkness. How miserable you felt! But now you are in the light and happy. Don't go into dark corners any more, my dear; but stay in the light, so that you may grow up in the garden of God, healthy and strong and beautiful."

EARLY RISING.

HEALTH and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people as evidence of its good effect on the general system. Can any one of our readers, on the spur of the moment, give a good conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early, but it is simply because

they can't sleep. Moderate old age does not require much sleep; hence, in the aged early rising is a necessity, or convenience, and is not a cause of health in itself. There is a larger class of early risers, very early risers, who may be truly said not to have a day's health in a year—the thirsty folks, for example, who drink liquor until midnight and rise early to get more! One of our earliest recollection is that of "old soakers" making their "devious way" to the grog-shop, or tavern bar-room, before sunrise for their morning grog. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants; to retire early, and on rising to be properly employed. One of the most eminent divines in this country rose by daylight for many years, and at the end of that time became an invalid, has travelled the world over for health, and has never regained it, nor never will. It is rather an early retiring that does the good, by keeping people out of those mischievous practices which darkness favours, and which need not here be more particularly referred to.

Another important advantage of retiring early is, that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favour that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without, then, the accompaniment of retiring early, "early rising" is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to "have his sleep out;" otherwise, the duties of the day cannot properly be performed, and will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves—let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Nature abhors two things; violence and vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from his resting-

place. By all which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that as the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has taken the first step towards degradation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young, should be in bed; and the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom nor safety nor health, in early rising in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, winter and summer.—*Hall's Journal.*

COLENSO NEEDED.—Some time ago I observed in my congregation a middle-aged man who had long held an official position in one of the numerous branches of the Methodist community. I cordially shook him by the hand, and inquired after his welfare. "My object in coming to-day," said he, "is rather a singular one. The fact is, that during the last week there has been a pretty warm discussion between some of our friends and myself respecting a point of importance. I contend," said he, "that Jesus Christ wrote Matthew and Mark, while the other party will have it that He wrote Luke and John also, and all the other books in the Old and New Testaments." Being a few days, subsequently, on a visit to a wealthy farmer and class leader in the same community, and who strongly urged me to remain and have a cup of tea with him, I took occasion to name the incident, supposing, as a matter of course, it would create a smile. In this respect, however, I had strangely mistaken my man. Judge of my astonishment when he deliberately placed his elbow on the table; and, with his head resting upon his hand, inquired, with all the gravity imaginable, "*Which of them was right, sir?*"

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

RAIN AND DEW.—The quantity of water which falls in rain and dew one year, in England and Wales only, is 115,000 millions of tons.

AND NO STATE CHURCH.—According to the last United States census the number of churches in the United States was 54,000, and the value of the church property over £34,000,000.

FAULT FINDERS.—It is observed that the most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

SUNDAY.—The late Dr. Keble said a very good thing on the Sabbatarian controversy: "So far as you turn other days into Sunday, so far, and no further, have you a right to turn Sunday into other days."

A WORD FOR LITTLE FOLK.—Who is lovely? Is it not the little folk who drops loving words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy in trouble, and a kind hand to help companions out of difficulty; who never scolds, never contends, never teases mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish but always to increase happiness?

A CONTINENTAL DELUSION.—The *Methodist Recorder* says, editorially: "England is now the great hope of the Church of Rome. As you travel through Italy and converse with the priests, you will not now find a man of them who regards the state of that country as hopeful; but you will find hundreds of them pointing to England as the country that is to restore the broken fortunes of the Church. It is not so much the actual proselytism to Popery which inspires this hope; it is the present state of things in the Church of England."

JUDGMENT ON A CHURCH SLEEPER.—In an Episcopal church in the north of Scotland, a porter employed during the week at the railway station does duty on Sundays by blowing the bellows of the organ. The other Sunday he fell sound asleep during the service, and so remained when the pealing of the organ was required. He was suddenly awakened by another official, when, apparently dreaming of an approaching train, he started to his feet and roared out with all the force and shrillness of stentorial lungs and habit, "Change here for Elgin, Lossiemouth, and Burghead." The effect upon the congregation, sitting in expectation of a concord of sweet sounds, may be imagined.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE AND CREEDS.—"I for one could as soon imagine Plato writing an article in the *Westminster Review*, as I could figure St. Paul reading the Athanasian creed. The cool, damnable dogmatism which distinguishes that document—and which taints, more or less, all creeds and confessions, from the Nicene downwards—is the very last style of utterance which I could imagine dropping from the lips either of the Apostles or of Him whose message they delivered."

HOPEFUL.—It is stated in one of the Church journals that most of the Lincolnshire clergy always skip the Athanasian creed when it comes "in order."

A SAD FROST.—There is no frost so blighting as selfishness, no spring so renovating as a great hope or holy love.

GEORGE PEABODY, in America and England, has given away £1,200,000 since 1852—an average of £1,800 per week. Such an example of benevolence ought to touch the springs of generosity in the heart of every rich man.

CALHOUN'S TESTIMONY.—This distinguished American statesman said, "Unitarianism is the truest form of Christian faith, and it must ultimately prevail over the Christian world."

HOW TO BE LOVED.—"What makes everybody love you so?" asked a fond father of his little daughter, only six years of age, as he took her up in his arms and kissed her. "I don't know, indeed, papa," she answered sweetly, "unless it is because I love everybody."

DR. CUMMING AGAIN.—Another book is announced, "The Sounding of the Last Trumpet, or the Last Woe." The doctor, in this work, kindly postpones the day of doom till 1870. As all his predictions heretofore have been melancholy failures, so we may humbly hope that the one he now puts forth is equally wide of the mark.

OLD AGE AND PRODUCTIONS OF GENIUS.—It is an undeniable fact that a large number of the noblest works of the imagination have been produced when their authors had reached the period when it is supposed that the faculties begin to decay. Michael Angelo began his great picture of the "Last Judgment" when he was fifty-nine. Among musicians the facts are fully as remarkable. Gluck revolutionised the operatic art by bringing out the "Orfeo" when he was fifty. Handel was fifty-eight when he wrote his first oratorio, "Esther;" when he wrote "Israel in Egypt" he was sixty-five; and when he wrote the "Messiah" he was sixty-seven. Haydn wrote the "Creation" when he was sixty-four, and Beethoven was fifty-three when he wrote the "Choral Symphony." It is also to be noted, by the way, that the three men who possessed the gift of original genius in a higher degree than any of the others here named—that is, Michael Angelo, Handel, and Beethoven—were never married.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE FOLLOWING are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, post free:—

1 copy	...	...	per year	2s. 6d.
2 copies	...	...	"	4 0
5 copies	...	...	"	6 0

Above this number at the same rate.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 27, Grosvenor Park South, Camberwell, S., and all Business Letters to Whitfield, Green, and Son, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by WHITFIELD, GREEN, and SON, 178, Strand.